

her and they both laugh
as the car bumps to
a stop.

later
in my room i write
a postcard to a friend back
east about the broads out here

'bout how they just can't get enough

Poem For Kenneth Patchen (1911-1972)

you died a simple poet
on the last page of Time magazine
and i read it twice thinking
about the guy who earns
his living summing
up people's lives making it
all sound so easy
then i go to the bookcase pull
out a book of your
poems turning
each page becomes
a breath the phone is ringing
is ringing some guy
wants to order a pizza
i tell him i'm busy raising
a poet from the dead he
says "shove it pal"
and hangs up so
i hang up walking back
to where i left
the book is still
lying spread eagled on the table
like a corpse i
notice that it's spine is
broken next
to the book is the copy
of Time with
howard hughes smiling on
the cover and
i wonder when i die if
they'll put me on
the back page of Time and
whose smiling face
they will choose
to mark my
grave

-- Richard Immersi

Bloomington, IN